

RETALIATION.

A NEW SONG to the Tune of COLLEGE RULES, 1789.

I SING a pretty Fellow, of whom it ne'er was said Sir,
He ever practis'd Honesty, to gain his daily Bread Sir,
The Thing I mean is Mushroom-Jack, a Coxcomb pert and vain Sir,
An honorable Whelp for-sooth, who, snarls and bites for Gain Sir.

T'enrich himself, make Others poor! Jack is the grand Projector,
For lo! in spite of written Law, he votes himself Collector,
No matter how the Ways and Means, by Tricks are brought about Sir,
The Mystery the deeper hid, the harder to find out Sir.

This Champion for Taxes, is ***** to his Grace Sir,
Who pays one Half the Burdens, that are upon the Place Sir,
A Moiety of what remains, is had without much Trouble,
And hence, a *real Sinecure*, arises from the Bubble.

The Poundage on a second Tax, a Deputy shall cover,
Shall hide the double Salary, and gloss the Action over,
Oh! then, Arrears on both my Boys, are manag'd snug, and clever—
To shew the annual Ballance wrong, and keep Folks blind for ever.

The Funds thus low'rd, to Tax again, Jack swears he'll have his Will Sir,
And right he is, for ev'ry Tax, brings Grist to Thorney Mill Sir,
From Jack's new Tax, a new Ally, the treble Wealth shall win Sir,
Shall pick the Pockets that have got, a single Shilling in Sir.

This new Ally's a special Rogue, an hireling Poetaster,
A Runagate from North to South, in search of any Master,
For well Jack knows, what Friends to chuse, what Port in ruffled Weather,
And ever note it whilst you live, that Scoundrels hang together.

Jack's bosom Friend, old Brandy-Nose, shall be hard spurr'd and prick'd on;
Fourth-District-Works to estimate, that honest Jack has fix'd on,
For always mark, Jack's own Estate, the Object of Attention;
And see! what Heat and Wrath he's in! if other Works you mention.

The Banks a fertile Subject are, stol'n Riches to afford Sir,
Altho' Another's Name's abus'd as Hirer at the Board Sir;
Some Friend shall hire at second Hand, on what Account I wonder,
That Jack may have, by Hook or Crook, the Effence of the Plunder.

Such are the paultry, shifty Tricks, to take this ill-got Wealth Sir,
T'elude by fly and covert Wiles, the Hazard of the Stealth Sir,
Let Others boast of Competence, Jack scorns so low a Game Sir,
Wealth, fordid Wealth's his Hobby-Horse, and Taxing is his Aim Sir!